Tom. No but you are more: you are Meal-man, Maltman, Miller, Corne-master and all.

Dicke. Yea, and halfe a brewer too, and the diuell and all for wealth: you bring more money with you, than all the rest.

Mur. The more's my honor, I shall bee a Knight to morrow. Let me spose my men, Tom vpon cut, Dick vpon hob, Hodge vpon ball, Raph vpon Sorell, and Robin vpon the fore-horse.

Enter Acton, Bourne, and Beuerley.

Tom. Stand, who comes there?

Act. All friends, good fellow.

Mur. Friends and fellowes indeed sir Roger.

Act. Why thus you shew your selfe a Gentleman,
To keepe your day, and come so well prepar'd.
Your Cart stands yonder, guarded by your men,
Who tell me it is loaden well with Coine,
What summe is there?

Mur. Ten thousand pound sir Roger, and modestly, decently, soberly, and handsomly, see what I haue here against I be knighted.

Act. Gilt spurres? Tis well,

Mur. Where's out army sir?

Act. Dispersst in sundry villages about;
Some heere with vs in Hygate, some at Finchley,
Totnam, Enfield, Edmunton, Newington,
Islington, Hogsdon, Pancredge, Kenzington,
Some neerer Thames, Ratcliffe, Blackwall, and Bow:
But our cheefe strength must be the Londoners,
Which ere the Sun to morrow shine,
Will be neere fifty thousand in the field.

Mur. Marry God dild ye dainty my deere, but vpon occasion sir Roger Acton, doth not the King know of it, and gather his power against vs?

Act. No, he's secure at Eltham.

Mur. What do the Clergie?

Act. Feare extreamly, yet prepare no force.

Mur. In and out, too and fro, bully my boykin, we
carry the world afore vs, I vow by my worship, when
knighted, weele take the King napping, if he stand on
part.

Act. This night we few in Hygate will repose,
With the first Cocke weel rise and arme our selues,
To be in Ficket field by breake of day,
And there expect our Generall.

Mur. Sir Iohn Old-castle, what if he come not?

Bou. Yet our action stands,
Sir Roger Acton may supply his place.

Mur. True M. Bourn, but who shall make me Knig

Bou. He that hath power to be our Generall.

Act. Talke not of trifles, come let's away,
Our friends of London long till it be day.

Enter Priest and Doll.

Doll. By my troth, thou art as iealous a man as liu

Priest. Canst thou blame me Doll, thou art my lan
goods, my iewels, my wealth, my purse, none walks
forty miles of London, but a plies thee as truly, as the
does the poore mans boxe.

Doll. I am as true to thee, as the stone is in the wa
thou knowst well enough, I was in as good doing,
came to thee, as any wench need to be: and therefo
hast tried me that thou hast: and I will not be kept
bin, that I will not.

Pri. Doll, if this blade holde, there's not a pedl
with a packe, but thou shalt as boldly choose of hi
as with thy ready mony in a Marchants shop, weel
good siluer as the King coines any.

Doll. What is all the Golde spent you tooke the
from the Courtier?

Pri. Tis gone Doll, tis flowne; merrily come, me
he comes a horse backe that must pay for all; wee
good meat as mony can get, and as good gownes